

## Blackmailers Slew Hall, Detective Tells Shylock

By SHYLOCK HOMES

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"I would exonerate the ones under arrest."

"That, my dear Watson," I said to my medical associate this morning, "is from a letter I received in this morning's post from William J. Riley, of 1060 Hancock St., Brooklyn."

Mr. Riley is a private detective and informs me he has had fifteen years experience in detective investigations.

"The murders," he deduces, "were committed by blackmailers who held some, if not all, of the letters that passed between the Rev. Dr. Hall and Mrs. Mills." But he unequivocally declares that in his judgment all of the persons under arrest are guiltless.

"Right Track," Say Many

But all of my correspondents are not of the same belief as Detective Riley. Hundreds upon hundreds still hold to the theory that "the law is on the right track."

One of those that hold to this "solution" is George R. Dunn of 106 Washington Ave., Maywood, N. J. His entire theory is very interesting and well thought out.

Maria Dwyer of 411 East 60th St., New York, writes "many an innocent man is hanged. How could Mrs. Hall's brother have reason to take the life of his sister's beloved husband? They are all innocent. Look for the colored man with a flash lamp that the 'Pig woman' saw."

Every Letter Considered

W. Carr, of 7 Belmont Ave., Newark, takes me to task for not answering the nine letters he has kindly sent me. He must realize that it is obviously physically im-

possible to reply individually to those that write me, the volume of mail is so great. But, gigantic as the correspondence is, every single letter is given its full weight of consideration and most carefully indexed and filed to await the giving of the golden awards.

Mr. Carr is one who believes the authorities are "solving" the four-year-old mystery.

"Those who know all about this case and refrain from making full confession are not doing justice to God, themselves or mankind," writes Marnie Gillan, of 35 West 124th St.

Shower of Gold

Now, remember my offer—\$1,000 given away—a shower of gold.

Tomorrow is the first of September. But thirty days before the investigation I am making comes to an end. Again I repeat:—

The first correct solution of the Hall-Mills case that comes to The GRAPHIC will receive \$500. Then additional awards of \$250, \$100, \$50 and \$10 until the \$1,000 is exhausted. The correct solution will be based on court findings. You may send in as many solutions as you wish. None received after October 2.

Address your letter to Shylock Holmes, The GRAPHIC, 25 City Hall Place, Manhattan.

## American Beauty Best, Says Rudy

(Continued from Page 8)

its way into every tailoring establishment, every haberdashery in the vast city of London, for, if I saw forty-five interviewers the first day, it is nothing whatever to the number of tailors and haberdashers and "gentlemen's fitters" in general, all urging upon me the special value of their particular brand of London clothes.

It was really very funny.

Natacha said that one passing remark of mine concerning English clothes was much like a tiny pebble cast into the waters. My little "pebble" had stirred up a veritable sea of cloth in the tailoring waters of London. The waves that ensued bade fair to engulf me completely.

I sent word to all that I was going to buy English clothes, even as I had said, but that I couldn't buy all of them, if only through lack of sufficient time and money, and with that they had to be content.

We spent this first morning between interviewers and tailors, and late in the afternoon set out to see the sights.

I felt like a child being taken into a shop full of fascinating aisles, each aisle laden with still more fascinating toys. Where to go first?

What, of all the many things to see, to see first?

In tomorrow's installment, Rudolph Valentino tells of his thrills at new contacts. "Natacha tells me no child would act so excitedly as I do when visiting a famous place," confesses the "Sheik." His innermost thoughts. Don't miss tomorrow's GRAPHIC.

## MOSQUITOES MOBBED HIM, UNCLE GEORGE DECLARES

By UNCLE GEORGE

"Whew! I just got back from the country, and I am so glad I'm back in the city, because the mosquitoes gobbled me up. Now, Uncle George, write and tell me what the mosquitoes did to you." Thus writes Sadie Kantor, of Heyward Street, Brooklyn.

Well, Sadie, the mosquitoes pushed me off the sidewalk the other night—that's all! I'm glad to hear from you.

Yetta Eagle, of Hinman Street, Middle Village, L. I., sends in a couple of drawings with excellent ideas. David Pommiss, of Stanton Street, sends in a drawing of Uncle Samuel, and Elizabeth Doolittle, of Fleischmanns, N. Y., has dashed off a drawing that is cute.

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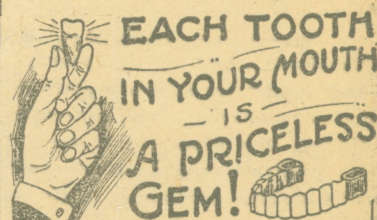
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## GEN. KNEELAND DIES

Gen. Stillman F. Kneeland, former judge advocate general of New York and a veteran of the Civil War, died at the age of 81 at his residence, 328 West 101st St.



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speaks to you in "Day Dreams"

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### Death

I am a slave  
No longer in my breath.  
Given sight of freedom  
Through the graciousness of death.

Still I am a slave  
In the hands of destiny,  
Thought alone enslaves me  
And thought alone can free.